

The most lamentable Tragedie

And now prepare your throates, *Lavinia* come,
Receave the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde theyr bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paste let theyr vile heads be bakt,
Come, come, be every one officious,
To make this banket, which I wish may proue
More sterne and bloody than the Centaurs feast.

He cuts their throates.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them readie against theyr Mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, since tis my Fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what Fortune will.

Lucius. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This rauinous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receave no sustnance, fetter him,
Tell he be brought vnto the Empreffe face,
For testemonie of her foule proceedings,
And see the Ambush of our friends be strong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Moore. Some deuill whisper curses in mine eare,
And prompt me, that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venomous mallice of my swelling hart.

Lucius. Away inhumane dogge, vnhalloved slaue,
Sirs, helpe our vnckle to conuay him in,
The trumpets shewe the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empreffe, with
Tribunes and others.*

King. What hath the firmament moe sunnes than one?

Lucius.

of Titus Andronicus.

Lucius. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a sunne?

Marcus. Romes Emperour and Nephew break the parle,
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordainde to an honourable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome,
Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.

Empe. *Marcus* we will.

*Sound trumpets, enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meate on
the table, and Lavinia with a vaile ouer her face.*

Titus. Welcom my gracious Lord, welcom dread Queene,
Welcome yee warlike *Gothes*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all although the cheere bee poore,
Twill fill your stomachs, please you eate of it.

King. Why art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?

Titus. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes and your Empreffe,

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*.

Titus. And if your highnes knew my hart you were,
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Was it well doone of rash *Virginus*
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because shee was enforst, staine, and deflowrde?

King. It was *Andronicus*.

Titus. Your reason mightie Lord.

King. Because the girle should not suruiue her shame,
And by her presence still renue his sorrowes.

Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuell,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
For the most wretched to performe the like,
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy Fathers sorrow die.

King. What hast thou done, ynnaturall and vnkinde,

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Titus